The Aleutian Islands

Where the trees are big and green the sun is wispy and cold. The birds are squawking they’re telling a secret. The fruit trees come in various forms big, small, fat, and wide. A ghostly feeling stays there likes Africa is waiting for rain one day the feeling will wash away. The rocks and stones cut the feet of many people trying to take them away from the haunted island of many wonders and secrets. Even though this island may sound deadly and scary the beauty of the way the animals and plants treat each other is so incredible that none of them have died… but when a hungry person is looking for food maybe they will have to do something none of them dreamed of…..

“HELP!” the sound echoes through the forest and makes the birds fly through the treetops “some ones here!” they say more frightened than ever.

A 16 year old boy with ragged d clothes walks through the forest his blue eyes staring at everything possible. Roy heavily clumps through the dark forest the blisters from the rocks on his feet were bleeding he was in pain but kept walking to find help.

He was a tall boy with scruffy brown hair nearly covering his eyes his hands were covered in destroy didn’t care though he was just wishing he was back on the warm ship with his friends.

Roy was on a fine mini cruise ship sort of boat with his friends when they all went to grab a bite to eatbut Roy wasn’t hungry so stayed up. All of a sudden a massive wave came and Roy fell out. He choked on the water wondering if he should follow the boat or swim to the island he saw in the distance. Unnoticed he swam to the island hoping someone was there to help.

He saw a big palm tree; Roy had learnt in class that coconuts contain lots of water. Using the light of the 6 o'clock sun he climbed up the tree and tried to find the biggest coconut there. Not a coconut tree the birds laughed at him it was an elephant. He was so dehydrated that he had strange vision and was imaging things.

Roy decided that he was just tired so built a small and slept for the night.

He woke up and it was dark. He knew that warmth was vital; he found dry sticks, stones, leaves everything that could help him. He found the lighter that his friend who moved to Brazil gave him. It made a good fire and dried his clothes.

The sun came and by 7am it was hot and light. Roy had to go on his next mission… to find water. He travelled miles and finally found a river. Roy knew that it needed to be cleaned so got leaves and built yet another fire to boil and kill the germs of the deadly water.

Roy thought that the coast was where most people came so Roy raced to the nice sandy coast… not the rocky side. By now Roys feet were torture. He soaked them in the salty water trying to make them burn as he thought that was a good thing. His throat was now moist and he talked to himself to get entertained. He decided to buildanother fire but by now he was so tired he rested in the sand. He dreamt of wishing he was hungry on that boat, wishing he went down the stairs, wishing his friends would notice and he dreamt of food.

Food. He woke up ready to kill; he built a spear out of a strong stick and got a rock to sharpen the end. “What might taste nice?” he thought to himself. All he could see were parrots, trees, monkeys… MONKEYS! On a TV show he learnt that monkeys were nice and not that hard to catch.

Just as he eyed up a monkey, bam! One jumped on his shoulder and was so friendly. How could he kill such a cute kind animal? So he eyed up the birds. Success. The animals all of a sudden went wild. Screeching, screaming and thinking: KILL BOY. They jumped at him, biting and wanting to take the bird back to a happy place was it was alive.

Roy managed to get away as his new monkey friend (Dave) told them that he was fine and stayed with Roy.

Eeeeek. A loud noise was coming from the coast. Roy ran and saw a big ship coming towards him. Roy quickly lit a fire and put lots of dry leaves on it to create lots of smoke.

At last Roy was seen and saved along with Dave.

By Allie Budge